

BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS

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The Picture in the Locket

By Wm. Walter Hines

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OBVIOUSLY, the man was dying. I needed the word of no doctor to assure me of this, for I have seen men die before, and when I saw his fingers picking at the coverlid I knew it was presageful of the end which could not be far off.

All night we watched by his bedside, the doctor, the nurse and myself, and as day began to dawn we gave up the last hope. The doctor nodded to the nurse a mute permission to open wide the windows and let in the flood of fresh air for which the sick man had begged so piteously through the night. It could do him no harm now, and it seemed only decent that we should try and let him enjoy what comfort he could before he took his last look at the room and at us.

The draught from the open window swept in on us with a sort of chill which was refreshing, and the dying man drew the air into his lungs in deep, hard-fought-for breaths. Through the window we could see the first faint streaks of dawn painting the sky and the heavy mists rolling up from the river which lay just below the house. No one spoke, but the nurse was kneeling near the foot of the bed, and her lips were moving as though in prayer. I think she had grown somewhat fond of her patient, and, devout Catholic that she was, she hoped that this prayer of hers might give a happier passage to his soul.

For a time the man whose death we were watching was delirious. His eyes were wide open, but had the wild look which fever gives. He talked in disjointed phrases, and seemed, as far as we could tell, to be living over some scene or scenes of other days. He spoke of a woman, but we could not catch her name, and I think he must have spoken of her by some pet name.

Taking me by surprise, his eyes suddenly took on a perfectly rational look, and we could see that he recognized us and his condition. He smiled as he said the anxious look on our faces, and said: "So I am going to die, after all! Well, no matter. I have come to look on life merely as a necessary evil, anyhow, and I think I have the best of the bargain."

Then he turned his face towards the window, where he could see the brightening eastern sky. He looked at this for some moments, and his face grew more serious, but in his eyes was a look of intense happiness, as of one who has sought peace for a long time and is at last in the way of finding it.

"In another hour," he said, "I will be in a land where we will understand all the mysteries of sunrises and sunsets." Turning to me, he said: "I have something to say to you. Let the doctor and the nurse go and get a little rest. They must need it badly, and I want to tell you a story and ask of you a favor."

The doctor heard him and shook his head. The end was too near for a doctor to desert his patient. Nevertheless, I succeeded in persuading both him and the nurse to go into the next room and wait until I should call them. When they had gone, the sick man bade me bring him a locket which we had taken from his neck while he was unconscious. This I gave him and he pressed it to his lips.

"This locket," he said, "is to me what a crucifix is to that devout little nurse. It is something which would have helped me in my prayers if I had ever learned to pray, and it contains that which has made me wish for a life beyond the grave."

"Inside this locket is a miniature and a lock of hair belonging to the only woman I ever loved. She sent them to me just before she died, with the message that she would wait for me on the edge of Heaven until I came. I loved her more than I can tell you, and, although she was the wife of another man, our love was as pure as that of the saints."

As he spoke there was a wonderful soft light in his eyes, and my own filled with tears, for it was but a year since my wife died—the woman whom I loved so dearly that it was only the hope of

rejoining her in another world that prevented me from going insane long ago. "You have been very kind to me," went on the dying man. "Our acquaintance has only been a chance one, and you do not even know my name, or I yours."

This was true. I had never seen the man before he fell on the street just as he was passing me. Something in his face had attracted me, and I had taken him home with me in a cab instead of letting him be taken to the hospital. The doctor had told me from the first that there was no hope for him, and he had been in my house but a few days.

While I thought of these things, he continued: "But those things matter little when one is in the presence of death. I thank you for the kindness you have shown me, and want to make one more request of you. I want you to see that this locket is buried with me." I nodded assent, and then he began the story.

"The woman whose picture is in this locket is my cousin. We were raised together in the south, and I think I loved her all my life. I never amounted to much, for I had inherited an appetite for liquor, which had been the curse of our family for generations. I did make efforts to do something, for her sake. But it was no use. Time after time I made the struggle against the appetite, and failed. Finally, while I was on a long sea voyage, she married. When I heard the news I went almost insane, and the letter which she sent me, in which she told me that she had married the man she did because of her father's wish and that she loved me still, only added to my grief.

"I went from bad to worse, but she still kept track of me through our relatives. A year ago she died, and while she was on her death bed she sent me this locket by one of her old servants. With the locket was a letter which said that she knew she was dying, and she wanted first to tell me that she had always loved me and would wait for me. She had always been true to her husband, who loved her very dearly, but her love was mine, and in the next world she would belong to me.

"There was a sort of exultation to me in the thought that she was dead and out of the reach of the man whom she had married. I felt that in the spirit she was mine, not his, and I no longer felt the ranklings of the jealousy which had made me hate her husband, whom I had never seen.

"I am going to see her in a few minutes. My faith in this is firm. I shall die before daybreak, and I believe that she will come for me. I—"

At my call the doctor and the nurse came hastily into the room. The locket



"INSIDE THE LOCKET IS A MINIA-TURE."

had fallen to the floor and was lying open. The dying man lay with arms outstretched towards the window. In his eyes was a look which may have been that of madness, but to me it seemed the light of a great and deep joy. The wind from off the river had strengthened and blown the mist up towards the house in great wreaths. One of these wreaths seemed to come in through the window, and in my excited fancy I gave it a woman's form. And the form was that of—

My glance fell on the face of the picture in the locket, and I, too, threw my arms wide open to embrace the wreath of mist from the river. But it had vanished. On the face of the other man was a look of supreme happiness, and I cursed him, though he was dead.

Although they kept me in the strongest cell of the madhouse, they have not taken the locket from me. I look at it all day long, breathe prayers to it, and then heap curses on the head of the dead man.

The hair within the locket is soft as floss and black as night.

The picture within the locket is that of my dead wife—lost to me forever.

THE GOODS TO SHOW.

And so, my boy, you think the world is prejudiced, unfair; You think its dealings may not be exactly on the square; You've figured on the matter, and concluded that for spite The world and men have basely planned to rob you of your right; But don't give up, my boy, keep on! You'll win some day, although The world may grudge its favor—if you have the goods to show. You see around you others who are leaping to success, Although they know far less than you and also merit less; You see the world her gifts present to them and pass you by.

You look in bitter wonderment, and can't imagine why; But don't let failure cloud your face, though conquering be slow The world must yield some day—in case you have the goods to show.

You think the world is partial to your rivals who succeed. And does not fairly deal with you—it may be so, indeed— But don't give up, my boy, keep on; the world may cease, some day, To have the wish to hold you down, may let you have your way— And look again, my boy, at those who leave you far below; You'll doubtless find that, after all, they have the goods to show. —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Best Kansas News.

Keeps Track of the Girls.

Four years ago a farmer named Joseph Coop, near Beloit, took into his family a young girl who had just been paroled from the state industrial school for girls at Beloit. Last year, it is alleged, Coop seduced the girl. The matter was heard of by the state board of charities and it followed up Coop and criminal prosecution was commenced against him with the result that he will serve a four-year term in the state prison. It is the practice of the state board of charities to keep track of the inmates of the industrial school who are paroled in order to see that they are given the proper care. Even though the girl in this instance had been out for three years the board still kept track of her.

Fees from State University.

Chancellor Frank Strong, of the state university, turned into the state treasury \$17,230 in fees collected from the students of the university for tuition. The last legislature passed a law providing for the collection of incidental and matriculation fees from the students for the state educational institutions. No report has been received from the state normal and state agricultural college.

Grand Jury Seems Certain.

A grand jury to investigate alleged hoodluming on the part of members of the board of education in Wyandotte, seems a certainty. Each day develops further evidence of crooked work and it is asserted by the chairman of the investigating committee that a member of the board has demanded money from a Chicago firm to influence the awarding of the contract for schoolbooks.

Oil District Expanding.

The new strikes of oil and gas in the south half of Chautauqua county have stimulated public interest in the Kansas district. Added to this, are the strikes of oil in the Osage Indian country and the discovery of gas westward over in Cowley county. It is a sign that the district may open up over a wider scope of territory westward, south of the Kansas border.

May Defeat Their Plans.

The gas and oil companies of the state which are preparing to pipe their products to the cities from the fields may be unable to get permission to lay their pipes until the next legislative meets. The attorney general finds that there is no provision in the state laws authorizing a board of county commissioners to grant such a privilege.

Ex-Congressman Jumped Bond.

A reward of \$200 was offered for the arrest of Judge D. R. Nelson, of Coffeyville, a Tennessee ex-congressman, who forfeited a bond of \$5,000 by failing to appear to answer to the charge of secreting his brother, John Nelson, from the officers. John Nelson had been convicted of killing Albert Morris and while out on bond disappeared.

May Abandon This Mine.

The attempt to reach a 36-inch vein of coal, which underlies part of Atchison at a depth of 1,150 feet, may have to be abandoned. The water drove the miners from the shaft when they were 150 feet from the coal. More than \$50,000 has been spent by Atchison men on the enterprise.

Second Son to Gen. Funston.

A second son was born to Gen. and Mrs. Frederick Funston recently. The first son, born two years ago, was named Arthur MacArthur Funston. Gen. Funston is in command of the Department of the Pacific, with headquarters at Vancouver Barracks, Wash.

Political Banquet at Ottawa.

Over 300 republicans of Franklin county attended the annual banquet at Ottawa. State Chairman Albaugh's theme was "How to Win;" Senator Burton spoke on "Mistakes of Politicians," and Gov. Bailey responded to the toast, "Kansas."

Will Be the Largest.

The Lanyons have purchased for \$25,000 a one-fifth interest in the Caney Gas company. They had previously purchased land at Caney, and with gas secured they will build there the largest and finest smelter in Kansas.

Site for New Paper Mill.

The Crescent Paper company, of Marseilles, Ill., will locate a mill in the Kansas gas belt to manufacture strawboard and egg-case fillers. The plant will employ 150 to 200 men and use 12,000 tons of straw a year.

Accused Attendants Go Free.

Earl Neil and J. M. Peterson, who were attendants at the Topeka state insane asylum, who were charged with the murder of A. B. L. Maxwell, one of the patients, were acquitted by a jury.

The Orient in Kansas.

The new railroad map just issued by the state board of railroad commissioners shows the route of the Orient railroad from Anthony to Kansas City via Wichita.

Road to Be 650 Miles Long.

The Wichita, Arkansas Valley & Denver railroad has been chartered with a capital of \$200,000. One of the directors is W. F. Brown, of Pratt, an old-time populist leader in the house, and author of the "court of visitation law," afterward declared illegal. The route to be followed by the new railroad, as set forth in the application for a charter, is as follows: From Denver through Colorado to the west line of Kansas, thence into Kansas through the following counties: Wallace, Greeley, Wichita, Scott, Lane, Finney, Hodgeman, Edwards, Pratt, Reno, Sedgwick, Butler and Cowley; thence through Oklahoma and Indian territory to the city of Henryetta. The estimated length of the railroad is 650 miles.

Scott and His Iola Register.

Congressman Charles F. Scott has been connected with the publication of the Iola Register for 21 years, and he is yet a young man. First he owned a quarter interest, later a one-half interest and for several years has been sole proprietor. In a recent issue Scott gives a delightful resume of his 21 years' experience as editor and publisher, in which is the following modest reference: "We hope it will not be deemed boastful to say that the Register of to-day is as much in advance of the Register of 1881, as the Iola of to-day is ahead of the Iola of 21 years ago." And everyone will concur in the verdict that the Register is the equal of any newspaper in this state, or any other state.

Mr. Bone May Resign.

Harry J. Bone, of Ashland, Clark county, private secretary to Gov. Bailey, has been keeping up his law practice in Clark and other western counties and the strain was too great. The condition of his health may lead to his resignation. It is said his law practice amounts to three times his salary as private secretary.

Girls Learn Dressmaking.

The state manual training school at Pittsburg has adopted, in connection with its regular manual training department, a practical system of dressmaking and cooking for the girl students. There are at present 200 young women, each making her own clothing, in the Pittsburg school.

Ready for Occupancy.

H. J. Allen, of Ottawa, chairman of the state board of charities, says the buildings at the Parsons state insane asylum are ready for occupancy and that the patients will be moved in within the next few days. The asylum is reserved solely for epileptics.

Six Counties Without Banks.

Six counties in Kansas are without banks. They are Greeley, Morton, Haskell, Stevens, Grant and Stanton. Greeley people do their banking at Leoti, Morton and Stanton do theirs at Syracuse, and Haskell and Grant do theirs at Garden City.

Owe Over \$200,000.

Fifty-two counties are in default in payment of interest or principal on county, municipal or school district bonds held by the state school fund. The aggregate is \$217,623. The school fund has on hand \$8,380,492.

Wellington's School Problem.

Wellington is torn up just at present over the race question on its social side, the board of education having been appealed to by white parents to provide a separate school or school room for colored pupils.

Attorney General in Murder Case.

Attorney General Coleman is at Marysville, assisting in the prosecution of Charles F. Pusch, a wealthy cigar manufacturer, who is charged with causing the death of a young girl from criminal operation.

Back to His First Love.

Rev. J. D. Botkin, who quit preaching several years ago to hold office, serving two years as congressman-at-large, has re-entered the ministry, being assigned to the M. E. church at Caldwell.

\$40,000 to Pay on Exhibit.

The Kansas world's fair board has drawn \$40,000 to be used in getting up agricultural, horticultural, mineral, dairy and educational exhibits for the Kansas exhibit at St. Louis.

Kansas Souvenir.

The world's fair commission is working on the Kansas souvenir, which will be a history of the state to be given away at the world's fair.

Negro Jointkeeper Killed.

"Jim" Allen, a negro jointkeeper at Iola, was killed by officers while resisting a raid on his place.

\$30,000 High School.

Junction City is building a \$30,000 high school, bonds for which were voted last spring.

Paoli's Revenue from Liquor.

At Paoli joints and drug stores pay \$250 a month license.

THE PHONOGRAPHIC NOVEL.

One of Them Was a Little Difficult and Gave the Author a Desire to Drink.

We take pleasure in reproducing one cylinder from the new phonograph novel, "The King's Suggester; a Tale of Old England," as dictated by O. I. Tawksough, and published by Mobbs, Burial & Co., writes W. D. N., in Chicago Tribune.

There was a glad light in the eyes of the Lady Alicia as she tripped down the castle steps—

That won't do. Some one will ask what tripped her.

There was a glad light in the eyes of the Lady Alicia as she floated down the castle stairs—

Huh uh. Won't do, either. Who ever heard of a woman floating down the castle stairs—

Nope. Have to change that line. Sounds as if she slid down the banisters.

There was a glad light in the eyes of the Lishy Alady—

Great Scott! I'm getting all fuddled.

There was a glad light in the eyes of the Lady Alicia as she—as she—as she tripped—No!—as she ambled—No—as she slid—as she jumped—O, thunder! There was a light glad—confound it, there was a glad light in the eyes of Lady Alicia as she slipped down the—as—she—

Dadburn it! I've a notion to throw her down the stairs!

There was a glide lat—there was a glide lat—there was a glad light in the eyes of the Lady Alicia—

Whew! Got the glad light in her eyes that time! If this keeps on I'll have her wired for electric lights, and turn the button, instead of trying to talk it into this tunnel. If I didn't get so much money for this I'd never do it.

There was a glad light in the eyes of the Lady Alicia as she—as she—as she walked down the castle stairs.

There! Let her walk down. Pity the critics haven't more sense than to pick so many faults with my work or I'd put an elevator in the blamed old castle, and let her take her glad light and her eyes and the elevator to the ground floor.

Let's see. Where is she now? O, yes, she's downstairs by this time.

She turned with a happy glance to my lord and murmured—

What the deuce will I have her say?

Um-m-m-lessee. She turned with a hancy gapp—she turned with a glappy hance—a plancy happ—No, she didn't. She turned around and went upstairs again. Hello. Jim. Glad you came in. Let's go get a drink. This literary work is killing me.

Training for Hunting Season.

Nimrod Munchausen—Yes, sir; that deer I bagged yesterday was about the most sprightly beast I ever laid eyes on. Why, the instant my bullet touched him, and before it had time to penetrate his hide, that beast was off like a flash. I never saw two such evenly matched things in all my life as that deer and my bullet. For over half a mile on they flew together, neither gaining on the other, the bullet just managing to keep in touch with the deer's skin. At the end of a mile, however, the pace began to tell on the deer and he faltered a moment. That moment was fatal. The bullet sped on, through—say, do you know I really felt sorry when I saw that poor deer keel over. He certainly deserved his freedom if ever any beast did. He'd have got it, too, if he'd only been able to stick it out 20 yards further, for that's about as far as my gun carries.—N. Y. Sun.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Kansas City, Oct. 14.	
CATTLE—Beef steers	4.35 @ 5.40
Native heifers	3.15 @ 4.85
Western steers	2.25 @ 4.35
HOGS	4.85 @ 5.90
SHEEP	2.50 @ 3.60
WHEAT—No. 2 hard	73 @ 74
No. 2 red	82 @ 83
CORN—No. 2 mixed	40 @ 43
OATS—No. 2 mixed	35
RYE	60 1/2 @ 61
FLOUR—Hard winter pat.	3.50 @ 3.75
Soft winter patents	3.70 @ 4.00
HAY—Timothy	5.00 @ 9.00
Prairie	4.00 @ 8.00
BRAN	60 1/2 @ 67
BUTTER—Fancy to extra	17 @ 19 1/2
EGGS	18 1/2
CHEESE—Full cream	9 @ 10 1/2
POTATOES—Home grown	50 @ 60
ST. LOUIS.	
CATTLE—Beef steers	3.75 @ 5.65
Texas steers	4.25 @ 5.75
HOGS—Packers	5.25 @ 5.90
SHEEP—Natives	3.30 @ 4.00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	84 @ 87 1/2
CORN—No. 2	37 @ 38
OATS—No. 2	33 @ 34
RYE	53 @ 54
FLOUR—Red winter pat.	3.90 @ 4.10
BUTTER—Creamery	17 @ 22
CORN MEAL	2.40
BACON	9 1/2 @ 10 1/2
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Steers	3.90 @ 5.80
HOGS—Mixed and butchers	5.75 @ 6.00
SHEEP—Western	2.25 @ 4.25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	82
CORN—No. 2	45 @ 46 1/2
OATS—No. 2	35 @ 36 1/2
RYE—December	55
FLOUR—Winter patents	3.90 @ 4.10
LARD—October	6 3/4 @ 6 1/2
PORK—October	11 1/2
NEW YORK.	
CATTLE—Steers	3.50 @ 5.55
HOGS	5.75 @ 6.40
SHEEP	2.50 @ 3.75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	84 1/2 @ 85 1/2
CORN—No. 2	32 1/2 @ 33 1/2
OATS—No. 2	41 1/2